

Good Morning 721

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

If You Go to the Dogs

As this week's guest, W. H. Millier discusses the possibilities in greyhound racing, and sums up the general prospects of employment in the sporting field.

GREYHOUND racing has flourished during the war and has contributed quite a lot of money to the exchequer in entertainment tax alone, and this in spite of the fact that only half the usual number of meetings have been permitted.

This is not surprising, as there has been plenty of easy money floating about in most quarters and very little to buy. Another factor is that a spot of excitement is a very good antidote to that fed-up feeling, and there has been plenty of that.

This does not mean to imply that directly things become more or less normal the attendances at greyhound meetings will dwindle. I do not think that is likely to happen if the various track authorities put their houses in order. The tracks are, for the most part, run by shrewd business men, and they realise as well as anybody that they can only carry on successfully so long as the sport is run as it should be.

This has not always been so during the war, but then there are many excuses, and the most readily understandable is the shortage of staff. They will not be able to advance this excuse much longer, and I don't suppose they will wish to do so. This means that there ought to be plenty of jobs on the many tracks in this country.

There are a few specialised jobs, but in the main the majority of tasks can be performed by those who have not previously been engaged in greyhound racing. The staff problem has been the biggest headache for those responsible for the smooth running of the tracks, and they will be delighted when it goes.

Women have been employed in jobs that were formerly held by men, but in the majority of instances they will not be retained. Handing out Tote tickets is a simple job that was performed by girls for the most part before the war, and there is no reason why they should not continue.

Women have also been employed in the kennels, but most of the trainers with whom I have discussed the subject agree that they would prefer men. For those who have any knowledge of handling dogs there are many openings.

While some trainers prefer to have a kennelman with previous experience, others do not mind so long as their helpers are willing to learn. Nearly all the trainers have gained their experience by working as kennel lads. This is certainly the best way to qualify for a trainer's licence.

Apart from the kennels, there are many openings which do not call for any specialised knowledge, and the general run of pay is pretty good.

Most of the appliances in use on greyhound tracks are electrical, and there are several electricians needed on each

track. The Greyhound Racing Association, which owns tracks in London, Manchester, and elsewhere, always gave preference to ex-Servicemen when engaging new staff, and will continue to do so.

Everyone engaged in the organising of sporting events is now looking forward to a boom period. Sport is our national safety valve, and it is to this that most people will turn now that they may, to a limited extent, relax after the worrying time of the past five or six years.

But many sports promoters are wondering how they will stand when things begin to settle down, meaning when most people will want full value for their money instead of paying whatever they are asked for quite ordinary fare on the take-it-or-leave-it basis of wartime.

Apart from the excess profits tax, there is the present high rate of entertainment tax, which, as usual, is passed on to the public.

Nearly all the boxing shows staged in recent months have been for the Red Cross or other war charities, and in such cases entertainment tax is not levied. When promoters set out to apply the maxim which tells them that charity begins at home, they may find that the high prices will not be at all popular.

If we had any outstanding stars in the boxing world at the present time, I should say that there would still be big money in boxing, despite the high taxes, but unfortunately there

is not one champion with any pretension of being a world-beater, or anything approaching this standard, and the game is, as a consequence, very flat.

For a really good boxer with something attractive about him, there should be a good living, with perhaps a little to put in the bank. But, generally speaking, I should not recommend the boxing racket as a means of livelihood.

In connection with boxing, the one pleasing fact is that while the professional ring is slowly dying, the amateur side of the game is in a healthier condition than it has ever been. Thus the sport of fisticuffs will continue, and, as controlled by amateur officials, will really be a sport and not a busi-



Pets and Plots Make News for C.P.O. Harry Stammers

WE hope you are managing to get in some practice of that and radishes with great success, favourite tune of yours, C.P.O. Your wife is hoping it won't Harry Stammers, because your be long before you can go together young daughter, Barbara, is, and to the "Davis" again during it wouldn't do if you didn't the week-ends which you set harmonise successfully when you aside specially to enjoy with her play those duets again.

We were lucky to find Barbara home when we called at 36 Marden Road, West Croydon, as it was the end of her lunch hour and she was getting ready to return to school. Still, she did stay long enough to give us a picture with your wife, and to tell us how much she wants you home again.

She has been visiting Thornton Heath baths and thinks she can safely promise that she will have learnt to swim by the time you get back.

Your daughter has set her mind on having you back for her next birthday because she says it is so much more fun when you are home.

Incidentally your wife told us that Barbara badly wants a puppy, and she is harbouring great hopes all about your homecoming, her birthday, and the puppy!

While we are on the subject of pets, Trixie, whom you will remember as a kitten, is now grown up and recently had kittens, too. She has formed the devastating habit of running up the curtains, rather to your wife's surprise, as she has formerly been most well-behaved towards the furniture, sharpening her claws on more durable if less attractive things, that she finds on her travels through the garden.

Your wife and daughter are still attending to the garden while you are away, but they both look forward very much to the time when you will be able to help them. It was a pity you weren't home to see the blooms on the rhododendron this year which, as you no doubt know, were its first.

Barbara still has her own plot of garden in which she grows as many flowers as possible, although

Your mother and father and all the folk at Norwood join them in wishing you all the best and sending you lots of love to sustain you until you return.

All done by good Temper —P.O. Ron Salt

"NOW, come on Dad, slap a little more whitewash up in the corner," said your Mother, P.O. Ronald Salt, as she played foreman to your pop who was on top of the ladder with a bucket of whitewash and a brush. "Never get a minute's peace in this house," said Pop, who was poshing up the front room. At 9 p.m. he'd downed tools and left 54 Woodland Street, Smethwick, to go out for one.

The whole house was upside down, preparing for the return of your brother John, his wife and baby from Malta. They were expected home at the end of the month. Mum and Dad have never seen their daughter-in-law and grandchild, so you can imagine the excitement.

At least Mother was excited. She was worrying about extra coal for them, coming from a

WE have heard a great deal about the request of Tommy Lawton, of Everton, to the directors for his release so that he could live in the south. He withdrew the request, and a number of clubs in the south who were after this great player may have been much disappointed. He joined the Everton Club in 1936 from Burnley.

Before we have got the dirt off our football boots it will be round again to the 1945-46 season. From the close of

the season to the opening date for the League it is only 12 weeks.

A good many club managers wish it were longer, for there are more changes in the management of clubs. Norman Bullock, who played for many years for Bury, and went to be the manager at Chesterfield, has returned to Bury to become manager.

Tom Mather, who used to be the manager at Stoke City, and who discovered such international stars as Freddie Steele and Frank Soo, has become manager of Leicester City, as successor to Tom Bromilow.

Then we have the Barrow Association club who are now active members of the Third Division North.

They have not been playing during the war years because of travelling difficulties. They have



warm country, and about sheets and blankets. She told us all favourite of grandma, who had been down home the day we called.

"Sprint," your dog, is still waiting for his master. He's not quite the same when you are away!

Being a postman your Dad is a good-tempered man. They pull his leg at home but he can take

And don't forget to send love and kisses from grandma," your it.

Soccer Clubs Get into Line

appointed Mr. J. J. Commins, of Southport, as manager.

The League secretary is now preparing fixtures for all the 88 Football League clubs. It is hard luck on several clubs, such as Bath City, Lovells, and Abernethy, who have done so well and have played in the League war-time competitions, but are not included in the list as they are not League clubs.

The only possibility of a vacancy is that one club does not continue, which would mean a vacancy in the Northern Section, and, of course, the Management Committee would have to say what club would take the vacancy.

A number of clubs have indicated that they are going to apply, such as Wigan, Chelmsford, and South Liverpool.

Players in the Forces are wondering how, on demobilisation, the Government's order to give the lads their jobs back will affect them. When war broke out all agreements between clubs and players terminated. Therefore, under the terms, clubs can please themselves who they take back.

But it is hoped that clubs will take all players back who have been in the Forces and give them a chance to make good.

One thing that clubs cannot say is that they are hard up, as all clubs for the past four seasons have been making money and paying dividends. The general account of the Football Association shows that assets stand at £120,847 up to April 30th, 1945.

Proposals

"Barkis is willing."
From "David Copperfield."

* * *
NAPOLEON TO COUNTESS
WALEWSKA.

Jan., 1807 (?).

I HAVE seen only you; I have admired only you; I desire only you. A very prompt reply to calm the impatient ardour of

N.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Yes, fired last week, 'e was I. Caught makin' aeroplanes in a cigarette-lighter factory!"

ness; certainly not a shady business.

My prophecy, for what it is worth, is that after the transitional period we shall have more amateur sport and fewer professionals, and that will not be a bad thing for sport.

SEA-GREEN GRANNY

"GRANNY" Sarah Harper, 82, elder of two centenarian inmates of Southampton's Public Assistance Institution at West End, died three months after celebrating her 102nd birthday.

This sturdy old soul started a sea career when she was nearly 60 and did not retire until she was 82!

She was 58 when she obtained a post as a stewardess with the Southampton and Isle of Wight Steampacket Company.

"I shall never forget my first trip," she used to say. "I was very, very sick. I said I couldn't go on with the job but they laughed at me. I went out again next day—and I've never been sea-sick since!"

Mrs. Harper gave up the sea when she was 82. "I thought it was time I settled down, she would say with a twinkle of her bright blue eyes.

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .
BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address :
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Sylvester's Sixth Sense

THE surf was thundering on the beach, and the fronds of the palms were waving, triangular flags against the blue of the heavens. Sylvester walked on from the boats, mopping his forehead with a red handkerchief.

"We can be off to-night," he announced. "There won't be any moon, but there won't be much sea to speak of."

The handful of men sitting under the verandah of the saloon looked up at him. One of them named Abbot spoke.

"What's the matter with you, Sylvester?" he scowled. "You're so blame sure about things. Maybe you'll be tickled to hear that we were just deciding to-night would be bad. We can't get all the nuts over until the sea is flat."

"She'll be flat by midnight," replied Sylvester. "I know."

Susanne, the daughter of the saloon keeper, came out at that moment and smiled towards Sylvester. She placed a huge tankard in front of him.

Nobody spoke until Susanne returned to the deep shadow of the saloon. Then it was Abbot again.

"Reckon that cocksurenness of yours will land you one day, Sylvester. You keep your opinions in a cast-iron mould. Maybe you think you'll marry Susanne, hey?"

While you could count ten there was silence. The sneer in Abbot's tone was not very well disguised, and everybody on the island knew that it was a competition between the two who should get Susanne. She was worth getting, too.

Her colour was nearly white, and she was the prettiest thing in all Paumotu; and the Low Archipelago has some pretty girls.

The betting was about even on the two men. Susanne had not indicated her intention, for Susanne was a lady, and shy, and no

"That Trevesa case beats the record for an open boat's drift," he said loudly. "Twenty-three days in a ship's boat at sea is surely the limit. Maybe Sylvester will say it isn't, hey? He's always got one better to go."

"If you're speaking to me, Abbot," replied Sylvester slowly, "I'll answer."

"Twenty-three days in an open boat at sea isn't a record."

"Right in these seas here there was a case that beat it. I could beat it myself. So could you, if you knew how."

"What case was that?" asked White, the skipper of the cutter that was used to tow the nut boats.

"Throw your mind back to the mutiny of the war sloop *Bounty*," said Sylvester. "On the 28th April, 1789, the mutineers of the sloop sent Captain Bligh adrift with some men in a boat which made 3,618 nautical miles in forty-one days. They landed on Timor without the loss of a single man."

"How'd they do it?"

"Usual way. Every real sailor has a sixth sense, and if a man knows the ocean he gets along somehow. I knew a man once who was lost for over a week, but steered for Christmas Island by the smell of the land alone. It can be done. I know."

"It has a slight element of risk," remarked White grimly. "To be lost at sea in an open boat must be hell."

"It always is," agreed Sylvester, "but if you know the sea, you can figure out your chances to a closer degree than some may think. But you've got to know old ocean. Well, what about getting the boats loaded? We can get away by sundown."

The old confidence was more definite than ever, and White shrugged his shoulders and smiled to himself; but he rose all the nuts in the centre of the craft and

Here starts a series of two-day and three-day fiction stories specially written for submariners

same, and strolled down to the beach to get his cutter into order and the tow-ropes out. Abbot followed White. They were on the shingle when Abbot swore.

"That guy needs a lesson, skipper. Fancy him saying he's going to marry Susanne!"

"If you don't look out, he'll do it, too," answered White with a grin. "Maybe it's that sixth sense he mentioned that helps him. He's right in a way about seamen having it, but I didn't know it extended to love affairs. Better settle it between you before you sail."

"I'll settle it," replied Abbot, as if speaking to himself.

He did not, however, go back to the saloon to see the girl, but set to work to help the skipper making ready for sea. As mate of the cutter, Abbot knew the seas around the islands as well as most men in the archipelago.

Sylvester came down when the stowage was finished. In his arms were a few cans of tinned milk and two loaves of bread and a tin of beans, his provisions for the voyage.

The sun was sinking behind the sea rim when the cutter put off.

The difference between them was the way they absorbed the facts of their trade. Abbot took events as they came, mastering them when he could, sidestepping them when he couldn't. Sylvester observed, compared, classified, and his confident "I know" constantly drove Abbot frantic with irritation.

The natives came down the beach with their loads of nuts, which they packed into the open boats after the cutter had loaded a full cargo. In the fifth boat they put only half a cargo, piling the nuts in the centre of the craft and

A heavy swell was beating on the beach, and as the cutter moved out with her trailing boats behind her stern, Sylvester stood up and waved his hand. Abbot, standing on the poop of the cutter, saw Susanne wave in reply. That made him grind his teeth.

It was certainly a high sea in which to start the trip across to the islands.

A wind had been blowing for the previous three days which caused the waves to heap themselves up in menace to any craft that went afloat, and though it had dropped there was still a swell that was filled with possibilities.

It was towards midnight when the darkness was thick and the few stars in the heavens seemed very far off in the velvet blackness, that White gave the deck over to Abbot.

"It looks as if Sylvester is going to be right again," he said. "The sea is going down quick. Keep your ears open for a shout from Sylvester. He's got an anxious time looking after the tow ropes. I hope none of them breaks."

"I'll listen," said Abbot in a low tone. "I'll call you at daybreak."

Somewhere behind, in the darkness, beyond sight from the deck of the cutter, Sylvester sat in the

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Funny, Humorous, Facetious, Comic, Laughable.

Answers to Quiz in No. 720

1. Flamingo is a bird; Flamingo is a Flemish-speaking Belgian.
2. Auto-Cycle Union.
3. River-mouth.
4. 1st. 9in.
5. Romulus. about 750 B.C.
6. Canterbury is East of Greenwich and has an Archbishop; all the others aren't and haven't.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Cathryn Rose

CRAZIEST piece of nonsense to hit the screen for many months is "The Fifth Chair," which brings together nearly all the top-line American comedians in one film.

The plot, briefly, deals with a flea circus proprietor (Fred Allen), who inherits five chairs. After selling them, he finds there is a fortune hidden in one, and the remainder of the film deals with his efforts to retrieve his money.

Wandering into the plot is Jack Benny—the meanest man in town—who continues his feud with Allen and provides plenty of laughs.

Funniest scene is that in which Fred visits Benny's apartment. "Put your hat in the closet," says Benny, and Fred opens the door to find a hat-check girl inside demanding twenty-five cents from him.

Add to these names Victor Moore, Don Ameche and Rudy Vallee as singing waiters. William Bendix as a peace-loving gangster who inherited a gang of thugs from his mother, and Jerry Colonna as a crazy doctor, and you have "The Fifth Chair," the craziest piece of celluloid since the Marx Brothers were in business.

EARLY suspicions about the versatility of Angela Lansbury, the former evacuee who is now one of the most promising players under the M-G-M. banner, are confirmed in her current films.

In "The Murder in Thornton Square," "National Velvet," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray," she appeared as a dramatic actress, hiding her legs under long period dresses, though she did get a chance to sing in the latter.

Now, in "The Harvey Girls," she not only sings, but also dances in, among other things, the can-can.

'Tis said that when the beautiful Angela first appeared on the set for this sequence, cast and crew were unanimous in giving her the biggest and longest whistle of the year.

ONE of the brightest night spots in town these days is the Au Bijou at Piccadilly, where Frank King and his orchestra are the resident musicians. Frank provides music for dancing, and also for the cabaret, one of the few to be seen around the place these days. The food's good there, too.

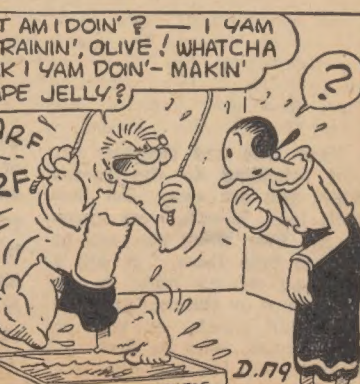
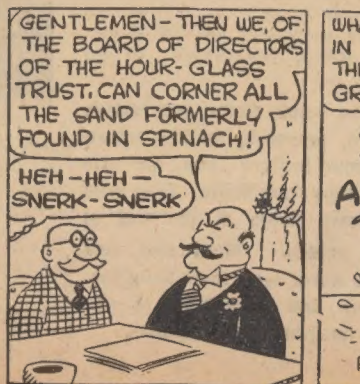
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Sylvester's Sixth Sense

(Continued from Page 2)

stern of his boat; his arm was crooked over the tiller.

He was keeping his eye on the zig-zagging masthead light of the big cutter while he steered against the heave of the sea.

The rhythm of the movement of the boat was soothing to his tired limbs, for he had had a hard day, but his energy had been used because the people on the islands who had no nuts wanted them badly, and he had promised them.

He saw the boat ahead of him swinging against the tide, shouldering the waves lumberingly. His own boat, with the aid of the tiller, was taking the strain from the ropes.

Not a sound came to him

through the night save the wash of the sea and the occasional whipping of the rigging of the cutter which he could not see.

The warm atmosphere of the night acted as a soporific, and his head drooped over his chest.

He was not sleeping, merely taking advantage of the even swing of his boat to relax and rest, for this was the only way he could rest until he had landed the nuts.

Suddenly his ear caught a sound from ahead which made him become alert swiftly. He bent forward, peering into the blackness.

A short, sharp cry rang out, and a splash followed.

Sylvester bounded over the nuts in the bottom of his boat and reached the bows in time to see a white face swing past him on the sea. He threw out his arms, leaning over the gunwale, and grabbed.

A hand touched his. He held it

firmly against the swill of the waves, and hauled with all his strength. The white face came upward towards him.

"Brace against the boat," he cried. "Here! Grip! Now then!"

He put his hands on the shoulders of the man and hauled him to safety.

"Abbot!" he cried.

(To be continued.)

ALEX CRACK

When the young bride came up from the laundry room, she met her husband on the stairs. Noticing an impatient look on his face, she said, "You're not peevish about the laundry not being done, dear?"

"Yes, I am," was his answer. "I feel out of shorts already."

We spent a very convivial evening commiserating with other people on their troubles.

SARAH BERNHARDT WROTE IT

(Undated.)

Wonderful Boy,
Where are you to-night? I am as hungry for them as for food, I am thirsty for them, and my thirst is overwhelming. Your words
Your letter came only an hour ago are my food, your breath my wine.
—cruel hour—I had hoped you would spend it with me here.

Your Sarah.

Paris is a morgue without you: before I knew you, it was Paris, and I thought it heaven; but now it is a vast desert of desolation and loneliness. It is like the face of a clock, bereft of its hands.

All the pictures that hung in my memory before I knew you have faded and given place to our radiant moments together.

Now I cannot live apart from you; your words, even though bitter, dispel all the cares of the world and make me happy; my art has been suckled by them and softly rocked in their tender cradle; they are as necessary to me now as sunlight and air.

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given you will find the centre column down gives you a luscious fruit:—

1. To exult.
2. Collar of coat.
3. To transport across water.
4. Belief.
5. Small surface or face.
6. Company of soldiers.
7. Entire sum.

(Solution to-morrow).

1.								
2.								
3.								
4.								
5.								
6.								
7.								

Solution to Puzzle in No. 720.

1. t o P i c
2. f o O l s
3. d o U s s
4. t a L k s
5. e x T o l
6. f o R c e
7. t r Y s t

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People Are Queer

THE Emperor of Japan has one consolation left. He is still a member of the Linnean Society, which has its headquarters in London. Some of the members thought they were going to get rid of him the other day, when it was announced that a ballot would be taken to decide whether he should be struck off the roll.

But at the last moment it was found that the by-laws of the Society made it a tricky business. So the Mikado stays—for the time being.

IF you meet a man with a funny face trying to look serious and pushing a pram along the roads at Chislehurst, Kent, it will be that famous stage star, Leslie Henson.

His wife recently presented him with a son. Leslie has taken the gift very seriously, and is not too proud to push it around in a pre-war second-hand pram at week-ends.

IF ever you go to Worthing and get annoyed with the conductor of a bus, don't call him a "slow-coach."

He may take it personally, for it's on the cards that the conductor is Mr. George Sessions, known as "Steve."

And "Steve" used to blow a yard of tin as guard of a London to Hampton Court stage coach. He's 67, but still got plenty of "blow" left in him.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

GASH LAYERS
ALLOWED MOT
EMIT NINETY
LOPES TON L
N LIP IDLE
PET CROSSED
ARUM EWE M
M REBELLION
PENNON EDNA
AXE LEASE M
SERVED SAGE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10			11			12	
13						14		
15					16			
17			18	19				
	20		21			22	23	
24		25				26		27
28	29	30			31	32		
33				34				
35			36					
37						38		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Money. 5 Tasmanian town. 10 Anger. 12 Through. 13 Hand-cart. 14 Splendour. 15 Sugar coating. 16 Stupid. 17 Obscure. 18 Drink. 20 Allot. 25 Bellow. 26 Place. 28 Wry turn. 31 Remain. 33 Flabby. 34 Illusion. 35 Card. 36 Legislature. 37 Sinew. 38 Aerie.

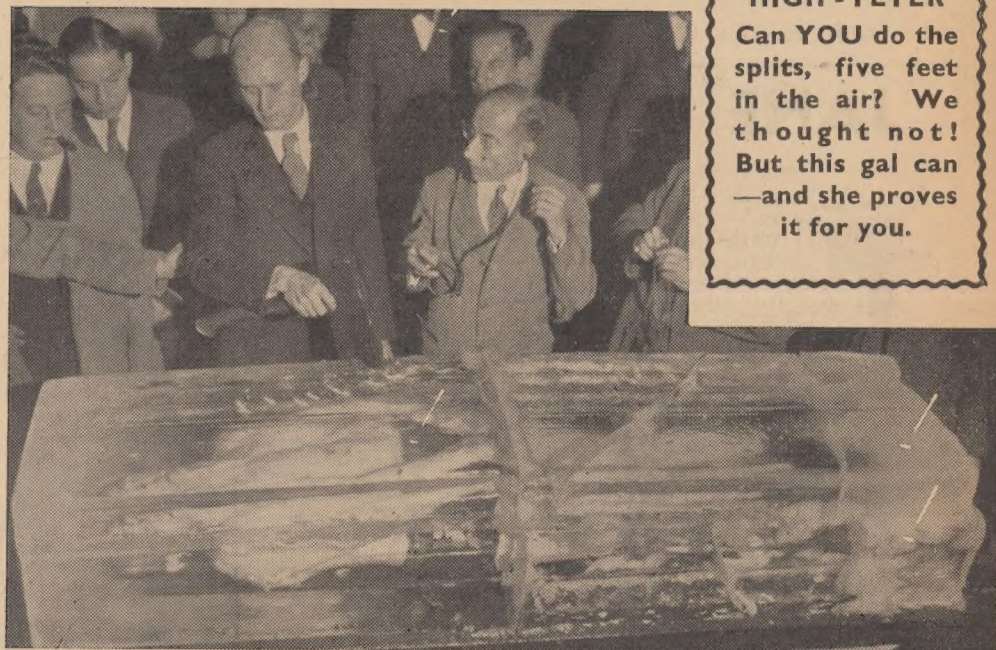
CLUES DOWN.—2 Tree. 3 Crustacean. 4 Wind instrument. 5 Chop. 6 Otherwise. 7 Warwick's river. 8 Edges. 9 Light. 11 Naval record. 13 Command. 14 Fairy. 16 Alight from train. 19 Time system. 21 Uphold. 22 Narcotic. 23 Prods. 24 Great success. 27 Mound. 29 Edible seeds. 30 Portent. 32 Husks. 34 Chess pieces. 36 Thus.

Good Morning



HIGH - FLYER

Can YOU do the splits, five feet in the air? We thought not! But this gal can—and she proves it for you.



"KEEP IT ON ICE," said the doctor. But the relatives of Moro, the American "stunt" king, must have misunderstood him. For they kept Moro IN ice. Sealed him up in a block of ice, and sent him by freight car from Philadelphia to New York. Here you see the doctors listening to Moro's heartbeats through the ice.

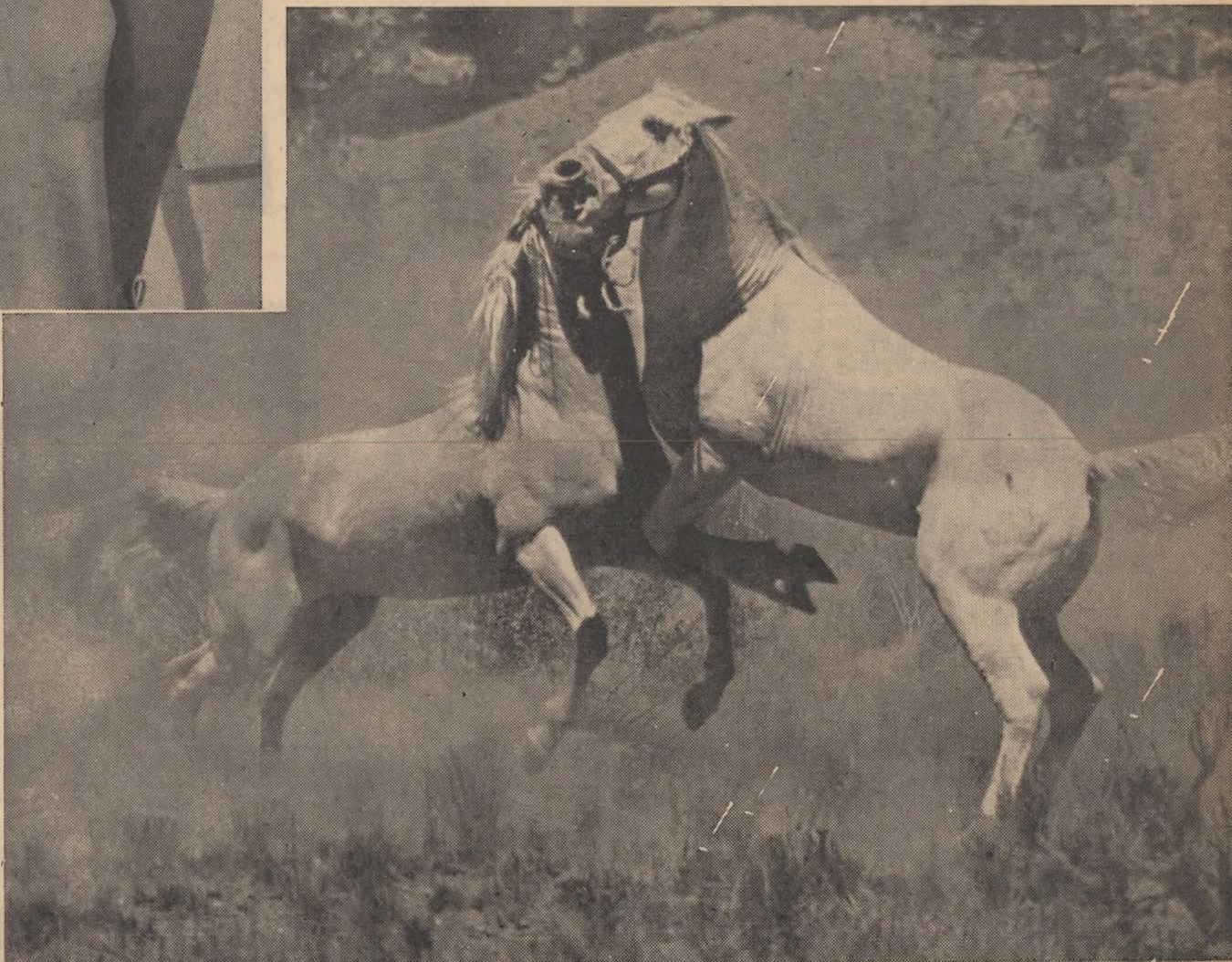
OUR DREAMS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME!

When we first dreamed about Pat Clark, Warner's un-Cover Girl, she was wearing a fur coat. The next night she took it off. The next night she was wearing a play-suit. Last night she was dressed like this. We're going to bed early to-night, chaps!



CHANNEL SWIMMERS WEIGH-IN.

The porpoise on the scales on Brighton beach was trying to swim the Channel about the same time as Bleriot was flying it. She may be trying still—for all we know, or care. We have eyes only for those natty zebra-striped swim-suits!



"THUNDERHEAD" FIGHTS TO THE DEATH. This terrific fight takes place in the film, "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka," when a wild stallion threatens the boy master. Thunderhead kills the stallion and rounds up the herd. But he has too strong a taste for the freedom of the hills ever to be content in a corral. So, reluctantly, the boy lets him go.